

# Thugs R Us (feat. Noreaga)

DJ Clue

DJ Clue & Noreaga

Miscellaneous

Thugs 'R' Us Them niggas really think that it's a game but it's not  
Niggas kept frontin', Brown got popped  
Word on life, word on my click  
All a niggas really got in his life is his word and his dick  
And I stay true to them like both of them laws  
Niggas talk shit my click's not ridin' them dogs  
Niggas hate me cause broke and can't floss  
Yo I cop coke, cook it up or buy it cooked already  
Like a '98 six wild like a Chevy  
Yo I floss now, look how much my jewels cost now  
I'm realizin' that you me so I hate y'all too  
so both sides is hate so it's mutual  
Beautiful, my guns make it shoot-able  
Shoot at you send staff to clap you  
Yo my name's Nori but only fam calls me 'Poppi'  
That nigga's homo like the cat who killed Versace  
Homo thug, yo I shoulda know sooner  
My click stay in jail like Robert Downey Jr.  
Like outlaw in the beacon, nigga we can  
fuck wit' niggas think they live while y'all weaklings  
I'm from Iraq, play the cut smoke mad trees  
Buy my own business, concentrate on my cheese  
Yo the door lock, four knocks and one symbol  
I'm like '98 Live, you like Double Dribble  
Aye yo, thugged out, no rules, playin' the game  
Every man for hisself, just recievin' the pain  
It's like you tall, 21, no out, just go hard  
Rest in piece I gotta say to Yammy and Taj  
It's like bitches never learn, money to burn  
Yo I'm leavin' like me and Nate (I'm leavin'!!) let me say this  
I used to rock to G-U-E with the SS  
now I'm in the '98 black GS  
Golden with kid in my shit, on some full grits headlights  
Shit shine from Def Jam to Crown Heights  
Now my click keep guns, time to fight  
Open the flip on the star-tech and check the message  
Cock ten Sprint phones caught a deal  
What, one and the same like thugged out and Ill Will  
It's all real, still from Iraq...

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>